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THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU

WHERE MONSTERS DWELL!



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"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. Since then, I have learned that my father is Dr. Fu Manchu, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my name.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MASTER OF KUNG FU!**®

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

DOUG
MOENCH
WRITER

MIKE
ZECK
PENCILER

BRUCE
PATTERSON
INKER

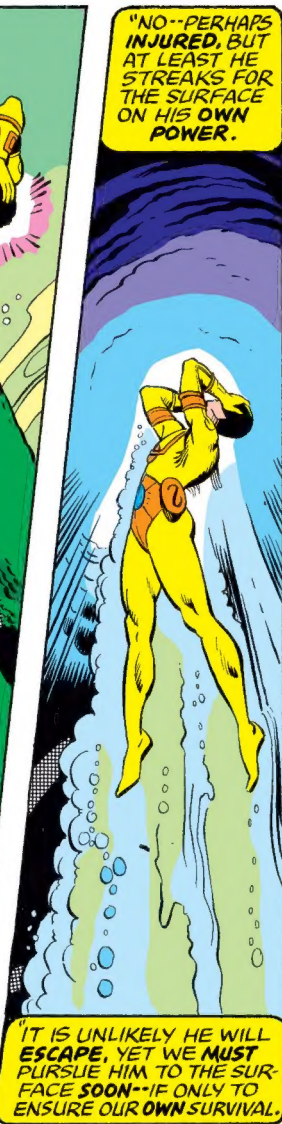
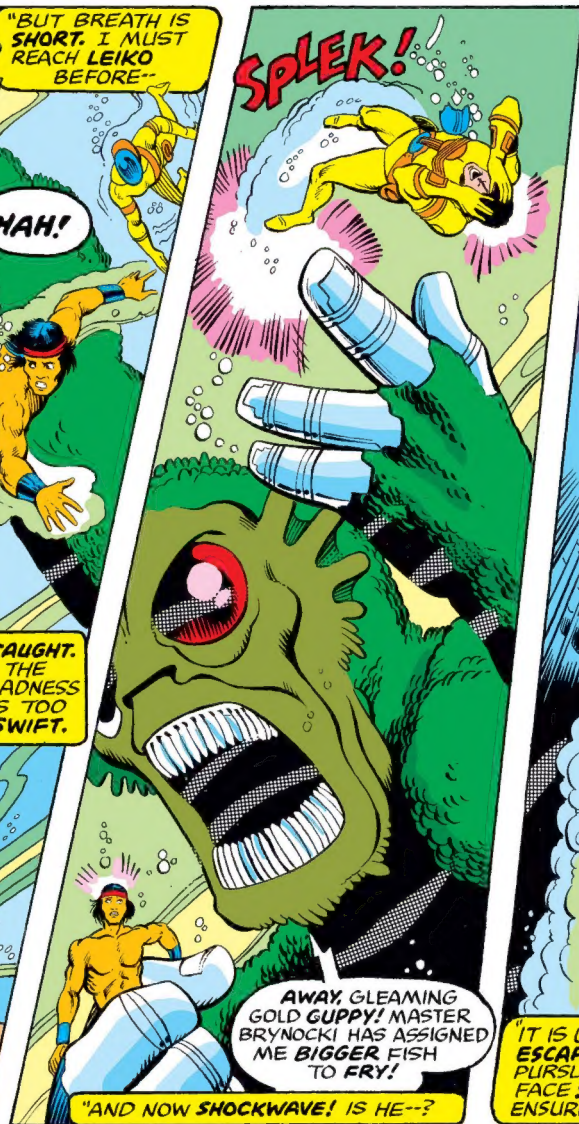
IRVING
WATANABE
LETTERS

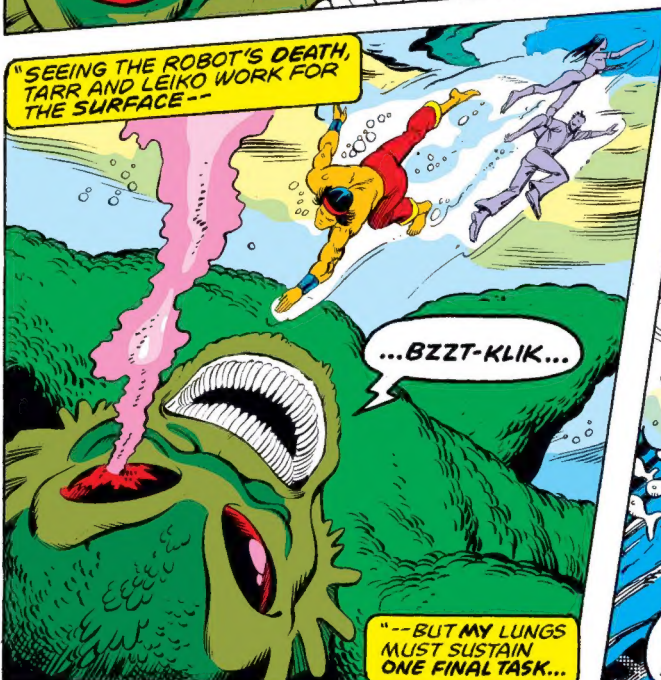
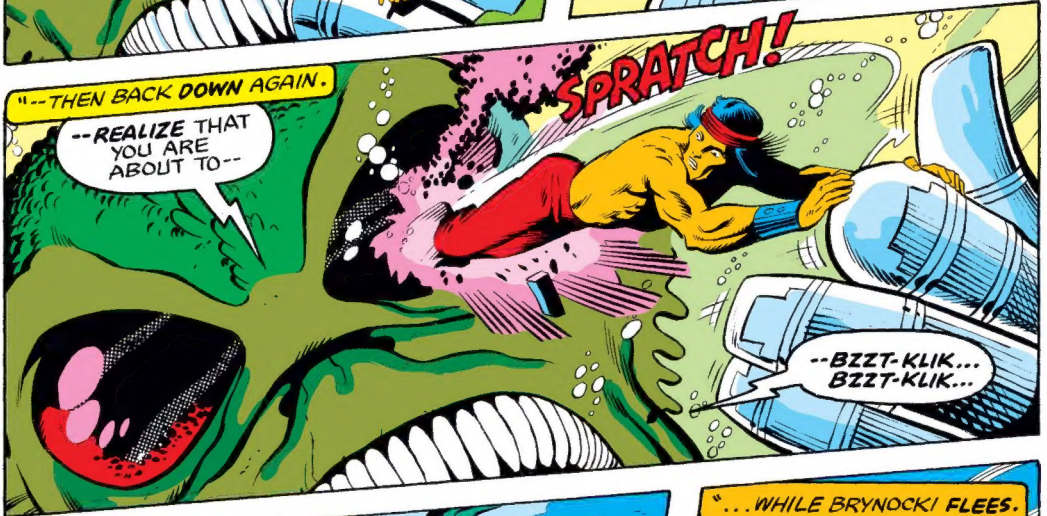
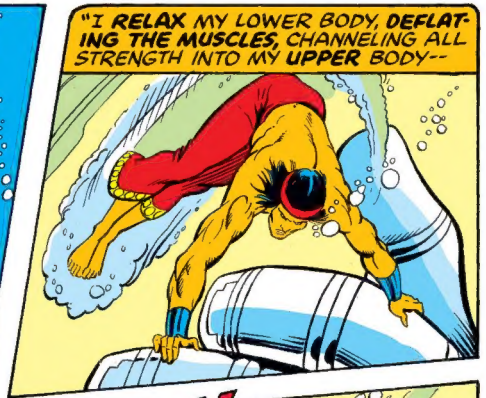
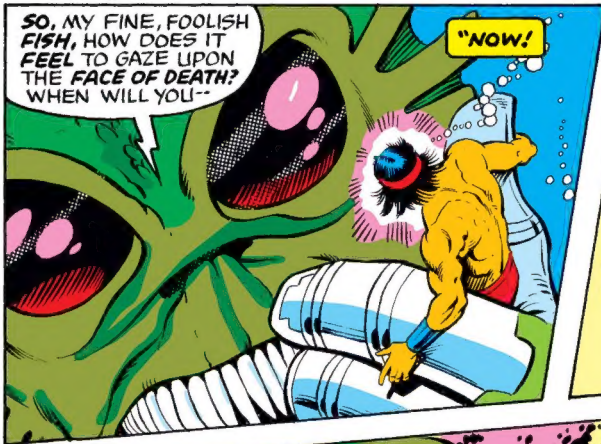
MICHELE
WOLFGMAN
COLORS

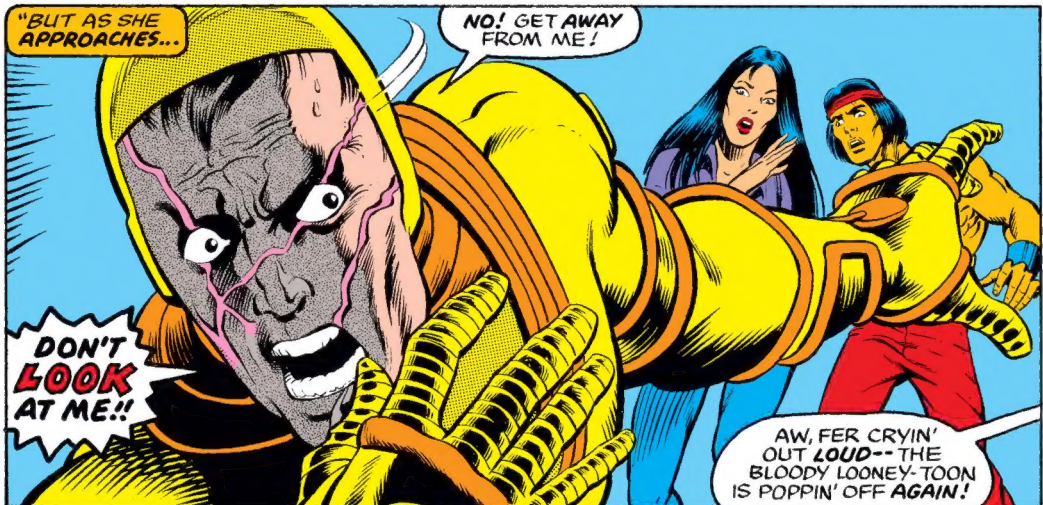
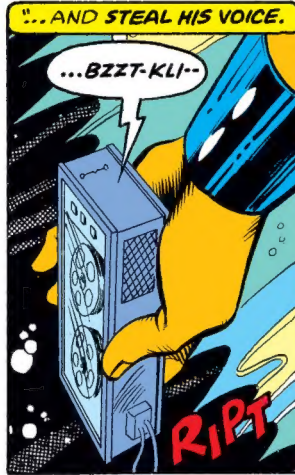
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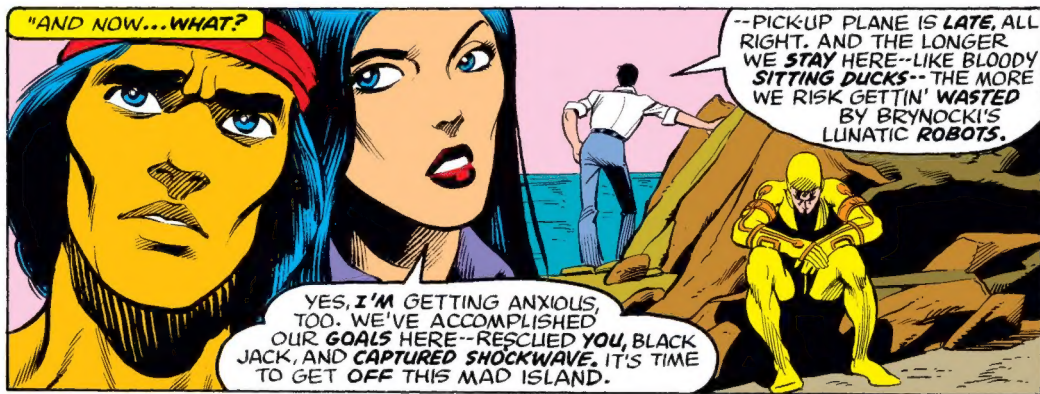
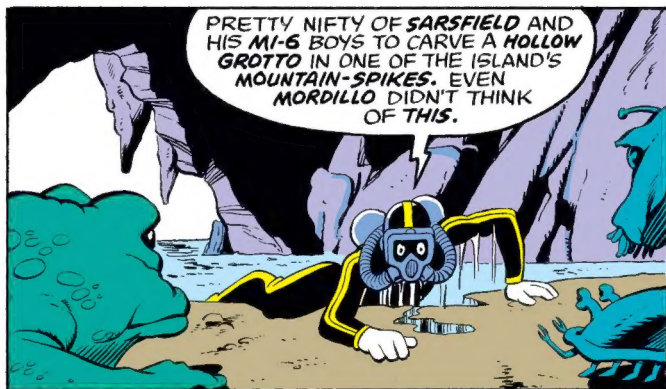
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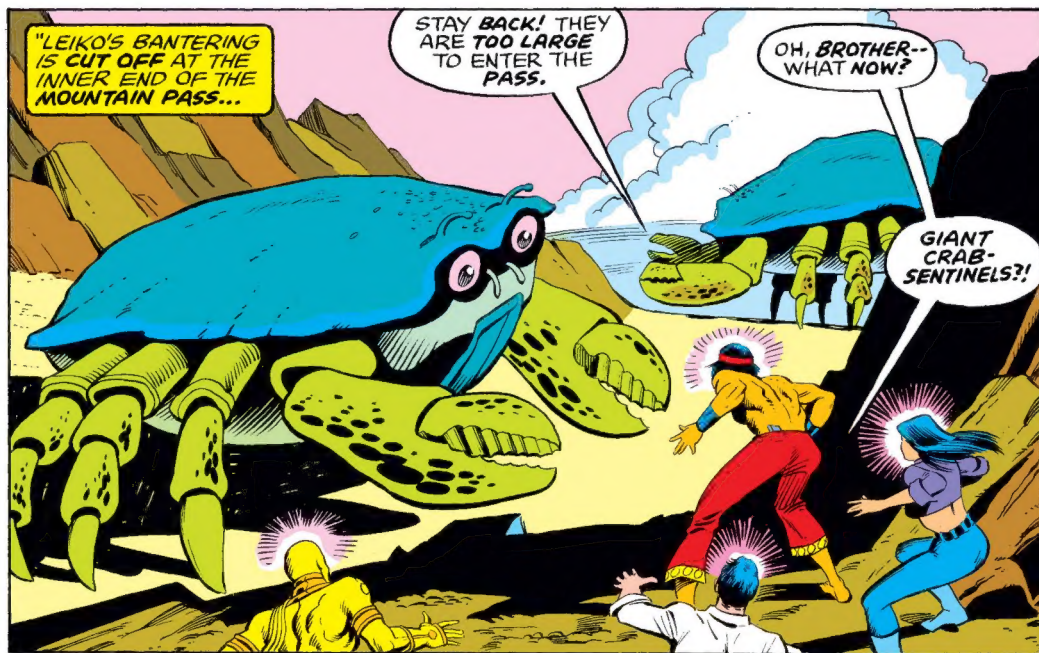
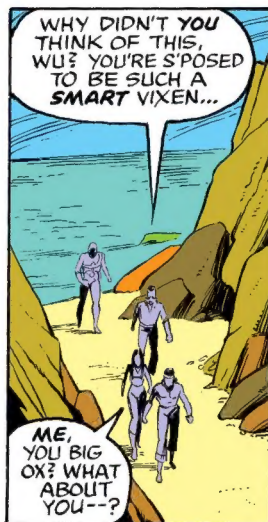




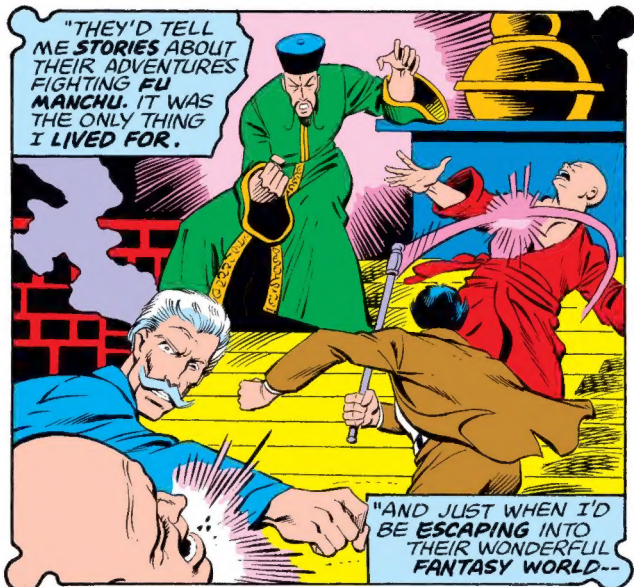












YOU SEE, I WAS A FAILURE... ON MY FIRST REAL MISSION. I WAS A NOBODY IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND NOW THE NEW IDENTITY I HOPED TO ESTABLISH HAD BEEN DESTROYED-- ALONG WITH MY FACE.

I WAS A NOBODY MORE THAN EVER.

I HAD TO BECOME SOMEBODY.

"SO I WENT TO THE ORIENT, BOTH TO LOSE MYSELF AND TO MAKE SOMETHING NEW OF MYSELF.

"I TRAINED IN THE MARTIAL ARTS, BUILDING CONFIDENCE...

"THEN I EVEN REBUILT MY FACE AND BODY--WITH A METAL EXOSKELETON AND MY ELECTROSHOCK APPARATUS. AGAIN, I WAS BOTH HIDING THE OLD AND PRESENTING THE NEW.

"FINALLY I HAD A REAL IDENTITY IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE.

"I JOINED A TRAVELING SHOW AS SHOCKWAVE.

"AND I DAZZLED THEM.

"THEY ALL CAME TO SEE ME-- THEY ALL KNEW ME-- AND THEY NEVER FORGOT ME."

NOW I HAD AN IDENTITY, ONE I SHAPED MYSELF--NOT ONE FORCED ON ME BY NEGLECT AND BOARDING SCHOOLS.

BUT I STILL REMEMBERED UNCLE NAYLAND'S STORIES, AND I WAS STILL HAUNTED BY MY OWN FAILURE. I HAD TO RETURN TO MY WORK--HAD TO BE A SUCCESS THIS TIME--AND SINCE UNCLE'S SIDE HAD FIRED ME, THE SWINES--

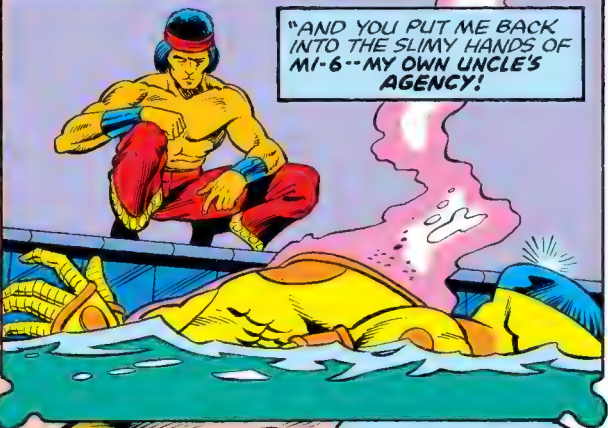
"--I BECAME A FREE AGENT...

"...AND I WORKED GLADLY FOR-- FU MANCHU."

AND
THEN...I
...FAILED
...AT...
THAT...
TOO...



"YOU DEFEATED ME, SHANG-CHI-- AT GRISWOLD'S PLACE IN SWITZERLAND. YOU WERE JUST A PUNK... YOU STILL ARE-- BUT YOU BEAT ME BAD..."



"AND YOU PUT ME BACK INTO THE SLIMY HANDS OF MI-6--MY OWN UNCLE'S AGENCY!"

"WELL, THEY SOON CONVERTED ME TO THEIR WAY OF THINKING... GOD, WHAT THEY DID TO ME!"



"FED ME ORDERS-- EDITED MY MEM-ORY--MADE ME AN ASSASSIN WITH-OUT ME KNOWING IT--MADE ME WANT TO KILL YOU!!"



IS IT ANY WONDER I'M...**CONFUSED?** MY MIND WAS...**RAPED.**

I'VE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO BE NORMAL ...TO BE MY OWN PERSON...

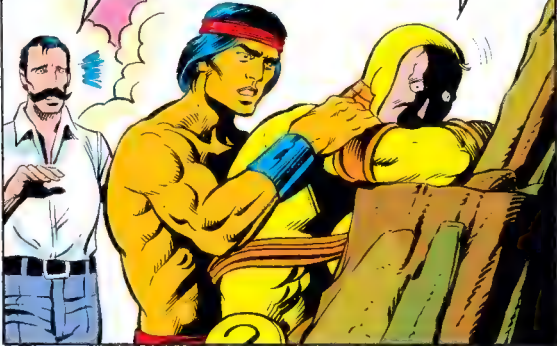
ALWAYS BEEN A **PAWN**--DON'T EVEN **KNOW** WHO I AM... WHAT I MIGHT HAVE **BEEN**...WHO I **SHOULD** HAVE **BEEN**. IT'S NOT MY FAULT, I TELL YOU...



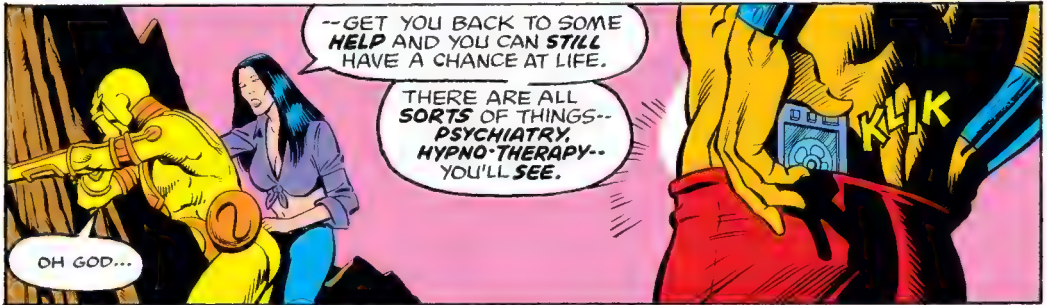
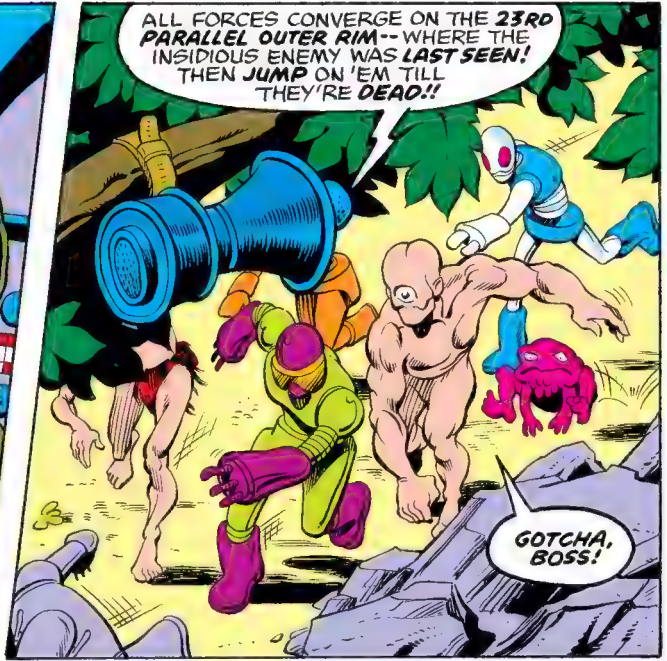
I DON'T EVEN LIKE MYSELF! I...I...

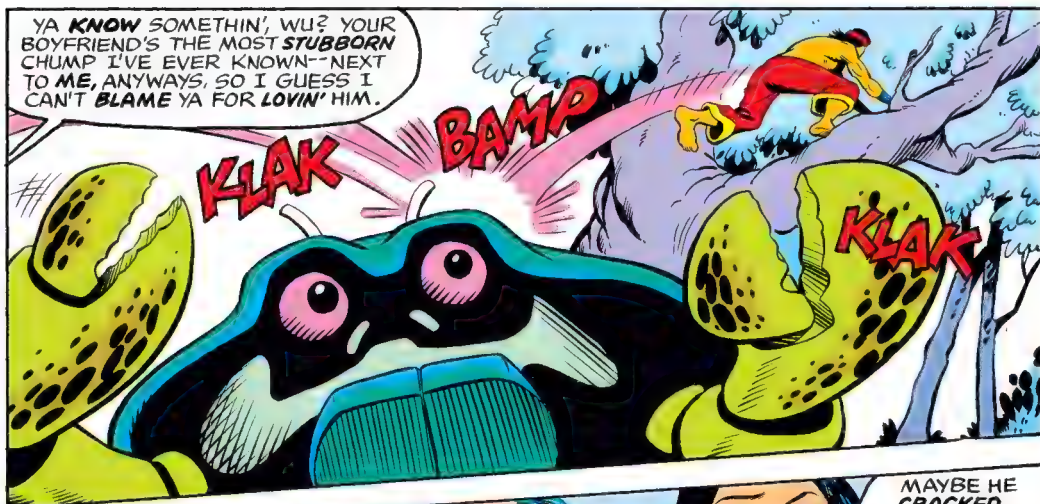
OH... G-GOD...

LORD, I DIDN'T MEAN TO --I MEAN, IT'S JUST MY BLOODY **BIG MOUTH**. I DON'T **REALLY** THINK YOU'RE A "FREAK", SNEED ...JUST DIDN'T THINK OF YOU AS... **REAL**.



OH GOD...PLEASE... PLEASE HEAR ME... PLEASE FIND ME... I'M DOWN HERE SOME-WHERE... I **SWEAR** I AM.





YA **KNOW** SOMETHIN', WU? YOUR BOYFRIEND'S THE MOST **STUBBORN** CHUMP I'VE EVER KNOWN--NEXT TO ME, ANYWAYS, SO I GUESS I CAN'T **BLAME** YA FOR LOVIN' HIM.



BUT LET ME ASK YA, WU--WHY DO YOU THINK SNEED **SPILLED HIS GUT** LIKE THAT? IF HIS BRAIN REALLY IS CONTROLLED BY **MI-6**, HOW WAS HE ABLE TO **SNITCH** ON 'EM?

MAYBE HE **CRACKED**. THAT MONSTER SHATTERING HIS **FACE-PLATE**--SHANG DESTROYING HIS **ELECTROSHOCK** COSTUME...

...HIS PRECIOUS "IDENTITY" **TORN AWAY** AGAIN--MAYBE IT BROKE HIM FREE OF ALL **MENTAL CONTROL**.



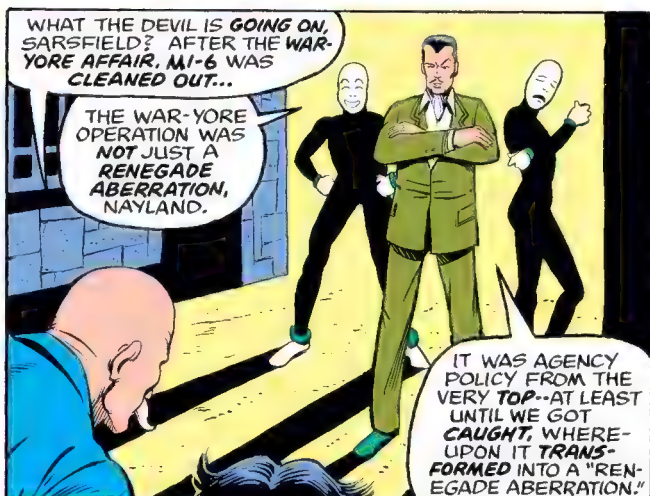
YEAH, **MAYBE...** BUT I CAN'T HELP **THINKIN'**--MAYBE IT'S ALL PART OF ANOTHER **BLOODY STINKIN' TRAP**.

WE CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT **NOW**, **BLACK JACK**. WE'VE JUST GOT TO HOPE SHANG REACHES THAT **PLANE**--



"--SO WE CAN GET BACK TO **SIR DENIS** AND **CLIVE**."

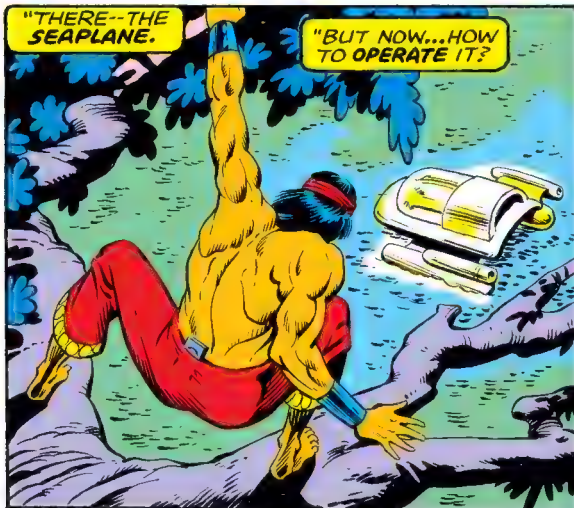
NOW, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR **CHOICE**: **CONFESS EVERYTHING** AND CONSENT TO **MIND-ALTERATION**--OR **DIE**.



WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON, **SARSFIELD**? AFTER THE **WAR-YORE** AFFAIR, **MI-6** WAS **CLEANED OUT**...

THE **WAR-YORE** OPERATION WAS NOT JUST A **RENEGADE ABERRATION**, **NAYLAND**.

IT WAS AGENCY POLICY FROM THE **VERY TOP**--AT LEAST UNTIL WE GOT **CAUGHT**, WHERE-UPON IT **TRANSFORMED** INTO A "RENEGADE ABERRATION."





KILL!!

WHAT THE--?!! LOOKS LIKE EVERY
LAST BLOODY WHACKO ROBOT
ON THE ISLAND!

SURE HOPE
THE CHINAMAN
HURRIES.



**K-CHUH
K-CHUH
K-VRAOWW!**

"AH! AT LEAST I HAVE
MADE IT START..."



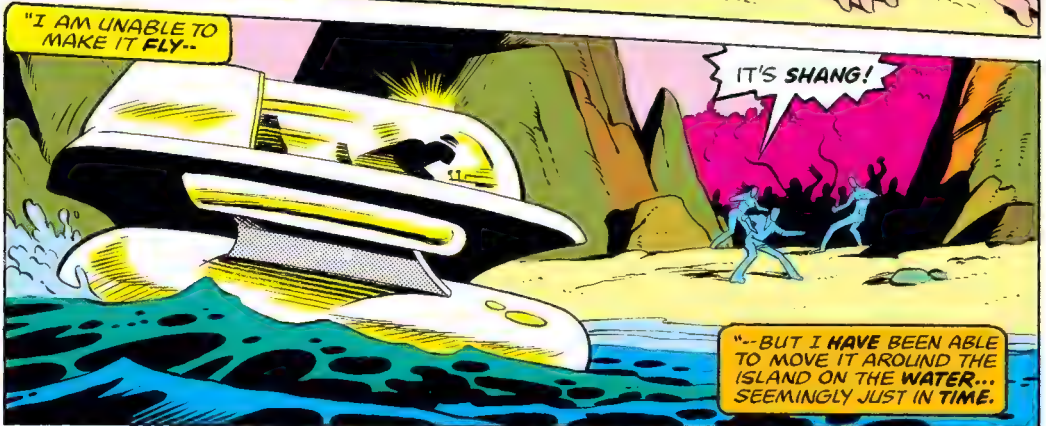
COME ON, LANCASTER--
HELP US! JUST BE
YOURSELF--YOU DON'T
NEED SHOCKWAVE'S
GIMMICKS!

MAYBE NOT,
BUT THEY'D
SURE HELP.

WELL...
A-ALL
RIGHT...

TONG!

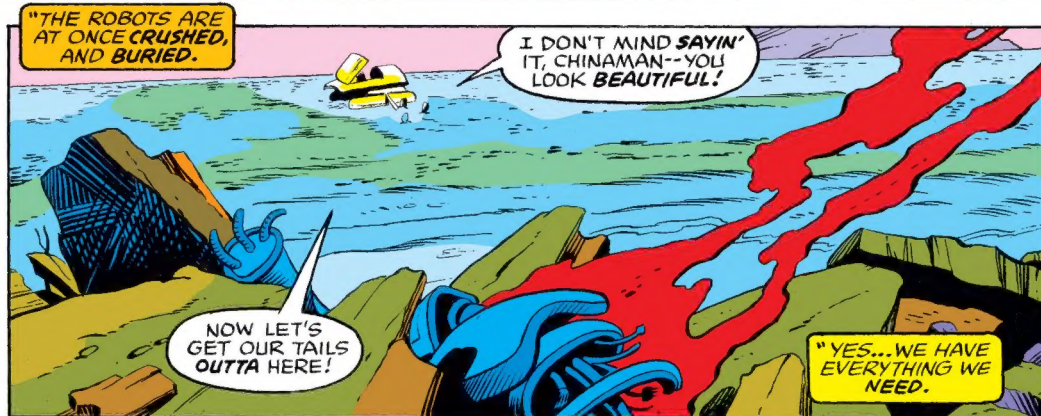
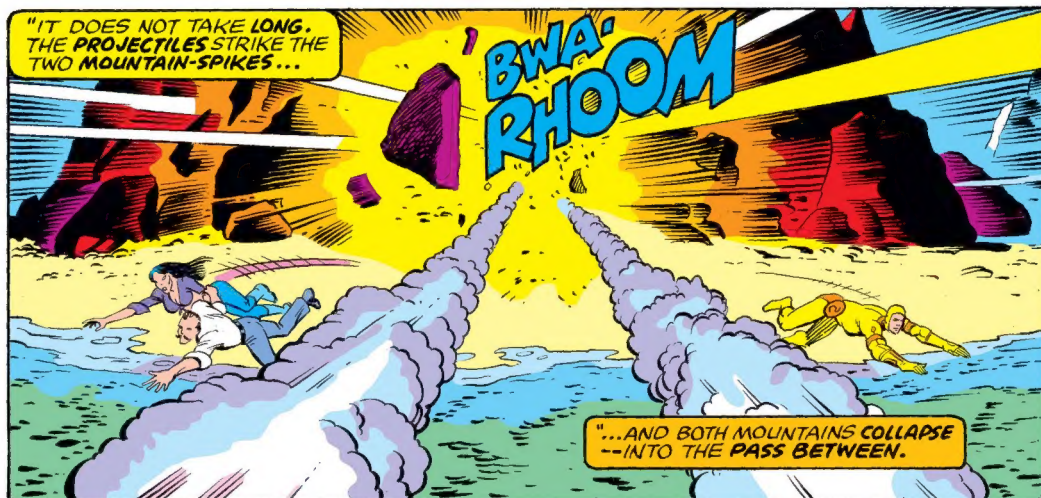
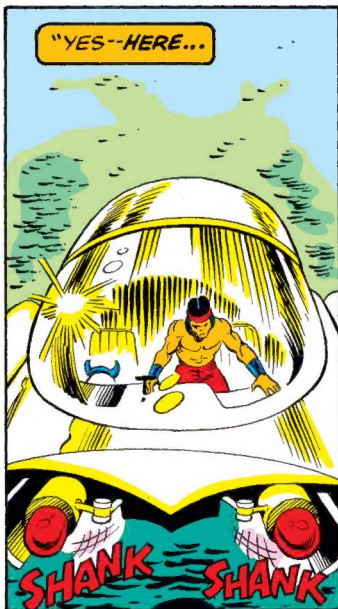
KRUNCH!

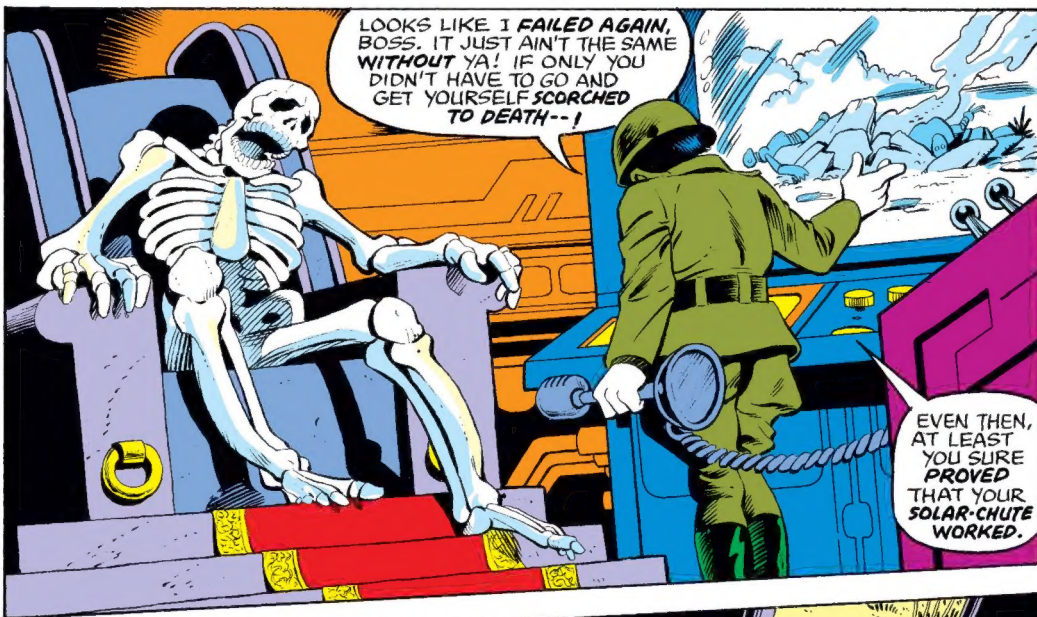
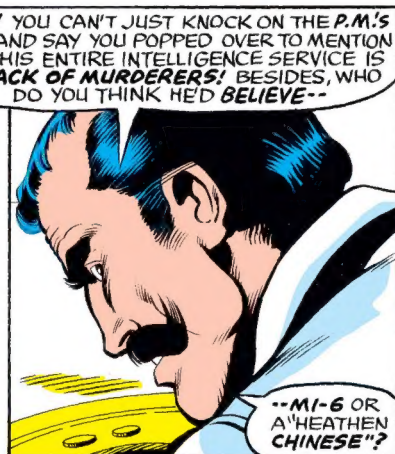
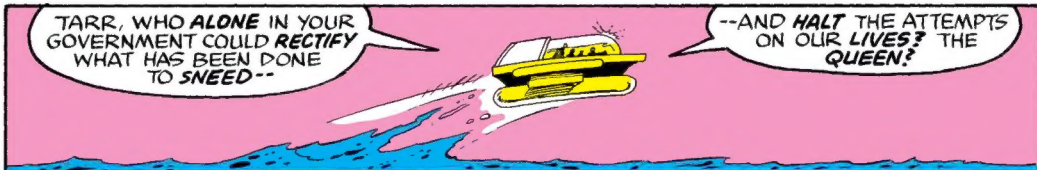


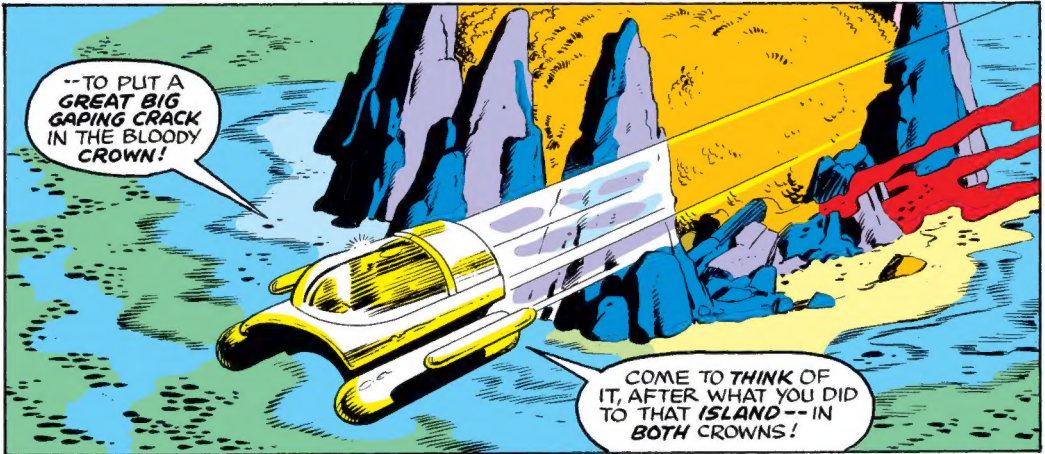
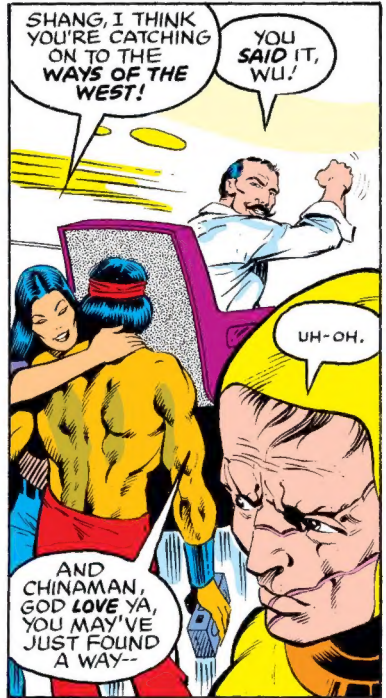
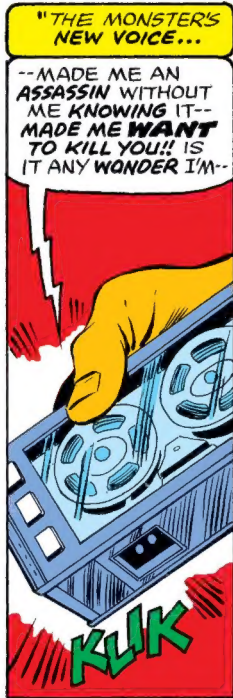
"I AM UNABLE TO
MAKE IT FLY--"

IT'S SHANG!

"--BUT I HAVE BEEN ABLE
TO MOVE IT AROUND THE
ISLAND ON THE WATER...
SEEMINGLY JUST IN TIME.







MISSIVES TO THE MASTER!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

ROGER STERN
EDITOR
JIM SALICRUP
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Kung Fu Folks,

Tales which can be objectively described as being bittersweet love stories are a rarity in comics. They always have been. There are some things which just can't be done in the medium, such as the painstaking development of interpersonal relationships of the kind found in the works of William Faulkner or Tennessee Williams — which, in comics, would call for issue after issue crammed with a great deal of dialogue and very little action. And yet, somehow, it has now been done.

It is perhaps appropriate that MASTER OF KUNG FU is the book in which the bittersweet love story finally comes to comics in a sensitive, intelligent manner which avoids all the pitfalls endemic to this type of tale and, in the final analysis, succeeds in giving its readership a narrative that is at once meaningful and exciting and more than a little ironic. After all, it was MOKF which first demonstrated that a martial arts book need not be a superficial, simple-minded all-action title, and that a solid supporting cast need not relegate the protagonist to a secondary character in his own feature.

MASTER OF KUNG FU #70's "Home to Die" may have had its faults, but lack of guts was not one of them. You've given us a story that offers depth and power and, not incidentally, a lot of fine artwork by Pat Broderick. In my book, that's good enough.

Ed Via
1648 Dean Rd.
Roanoke, VA 24018

We must be reading the same book, Ed.

Dear Masters of Kung Fu,

By the time this missive reaches you, the "Red Seas" saga will be a thing of the past, but I still feel that I should throw in my own two bits' worth.

Being a keen English student, I decided to take my holiday in England. While I was there I picked up about 200 of your Marvel mini-masterpieces, because they help me with my English. My favorite title was and is MASTER OF KUNG FU — mainly because it is the one with the best English, so I could understand it completely even as I learn more.

The latest storyline is really good, and it's great to see Cat back. My main gripe is the art. Since Paul Gulacy left, the art has been very inconsistent, and it's really hurt my favorite comicbook. Please get a permanent artist, preferably Mike Zeck or even Jim Craig if someone else takes up the inking reins. Doug, as usual, your handling of the various characters is superb; one very rarely finds such real-life characters in fiction.

About the latest issue: Wow. What can I say! The cover is too good for words. Please keep Paul busy doing the odd cover, as they are a real treat. He may be gone, but he is certainly not forgotten. The story seems to be nearing its end, which looks like it will be a real dandy. It is a pity that I won't be able to read the conclusion until my next holiday in England, which won't be for a long time.

Before I close I would like to make a request: If there are any comic collectors in the area of Maastricht, would they please contact me?

Thank you, gentlemen, for hours of entertainment and for listening. Until Shang-Chi starts speaking American, make mine MASTER OF KUNG FU.

David Scherpenhuizen
Silvanushof 9
Maastricht HOLLAND

Teachers we don't claim to be, David, but your letter is just as well written as most of those we receive in the local mail. (And your wish is our command: Mike Zeck is the new permanent artist on MOKF, and Jim Craig is working on a special three-part fill-in, perhaps inked by himself.)

Dear Doug,

There's something in you that apparently doesn't like stable relationships. Now I'm wondering who will wind up with whom when this is all over. Worse than a soap opera! Will he go for the status quo (Clive-Greville; Leiko-Shang; Juliette-Cat) or Shang and Juliette with Leiko in the cold or maybe with Cat or Leiko with Clive again and Melissa Greville or Juliette dead? I confess I really have no idea, but I hope you'll resolve it before all this guessing gives me a terminal headache.

Ann Nichols
4864 Sioux Ave.
Sierra Vista, AZ 85635

We hope so too, Ann, but at this point even Doug doesn't know who'll end up with whom. He just watches and listens, playing the whole thing by ear. We're all voyeurs on this bus. . .

Dear Mr. Moench,

I would like to talk to you. I have a few things on my mind that I really have to express, and they deal with "Nights" in MOKF #71.

When I began reading this story the sky over L.A. was covered with clouds slowly gathering the promise, or perhaps threat, of rain. It appeared that this was destined to be a very dreary Monday.

I had originally planned to go to the beach today, but with all this terrible weather I decided to stay home and take care of the apartment. Depressing. Then I saw MOKF lying there and said to myself: "Self, seeing as how MOKF has always been one of my favorites, maybe it'll brighten my day." So I started reading. Through page seven we see Shang-Chi putting the puzzle-pieces of his life back in order, and page ten brings us back to the present. Ironically, Leiko is also working on a puzzle.

With Fleetwood Mac in the background and pizza in the foreground, Chi's mind goes back to Sandy, then to Juliette. . . whereupon Fleetwood Mac deftly brings Chi back to the present and opens his eyes to Leiko. Bravo, Moench!! If the story had ended right here on page fifteen, I would have been more than happy. Shang and Leiko making love and the Siamese cat displaying the better part of valor. But no, Doug takes us to a workout session and our lovers then see *Close Encounters*. (Don't worry, Leiko; the little boy broke *me* apart too.) Finally, Sir Denis' shocking revelation and next issue promises to be a stunner.

I have now finished "Nights" and as I return it to the shelf, I am surprised by how bright my bedroom is. A glance out the window and believe it or not (I was stunned myself), all the clouds are gone.

Doug, when you decide to brighten someone's day, you really go all out. Thanks. Now I'm going to the beach.

Tad Ray Christiansen
11486 Victory Blvd.
N. Hollywood, CA 91606

Good enough, Tad. Following the sun is fine, but remember what Jagger sings: "Make every song your favorite tune. . ." So don't let the rain wash you grey; flow with it right to the misty dawn. It only sets up a better green under a golden tomorrow.

Until nexttime. . . be good.